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[Rowan, Arthur Blennerhasset]

THE

SPARE MINUTES

OF

A MINISTER.

"NO SIR—I DO NOT ENVY A CLERGYMAN'S LIFE, AS AN EASY LIFE—NOR
DO I ENVY THE CLERGYMAN WHO MAKES IT AN EASY LIFE."

Dr. Johnson.

DUBLIN.

MILLIKEN AND SON, GRAFTON-STREET,
LONDON: B. FELLOWES, LUDGATE STREET.

1837.

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AD LIBELLULUM MEUM.

Go—little Book—a lyre illstrung,
A learner's hand, a lisping tongue,
Is all my poverty can bring,
Even a Saviour's praise to sing.

Yet JESUS saw with gracious eye,
A widow with her mite draw nigh,
And in the deed pronounced her blest
Who gave, as I now give, her best.

Go—little Book—thy numbers rude,
Were framed in hasty solitude,
When from the world's perplexing way
I sometimes found an hour to stray.

And if one soul be raised above
That world, and all that worldlings love,
By thought, or line these pages hold,
Thy price is paid in more than gold.

R.

December, 1836.



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ERRATUM.—Page 48, line 2, for "one day," read "our day."

THE

SPARE MINUTES OF A MINISTER.

Surely . . though the worlde thinke not so . . hee
is happy to himselfe that can playe the poet
it gently delivers the minde of distempers, and workes
the thoughts to a sweetnesse in their searchinge
conceit I would not love it for a profession
. . . I would not wante it for a recreation . . . I
can make myself harmlesse, nay amendinge mirth
with it, while I should perhaps be trying of a worser
pastime . . . And this I believe in it further . .
Unlesse conversation corrupts his easinesse, it lifts a
man to noblenesse; and is never in any rightlie . . .
but it makes him of a royal and capacious soul

Owen Feltham.

THE IVY.

“ We all seem to love the Ivy more than any other uncultured evergreen that we possess, yet it is difficult satisfactorily to answer why we have this regard for it.”

Journal of a Naturalist, p. 85.

Why love the Ivy? hast thou seen
As winter's day fell chill and drear,
Its glossy robe of richest green
Hang graceful 'mid the forest bare—
Emblem of Hope, which still can bless
When all around is comfortless.

Why love the Ivy? take thy stand
In grandeur's desolated hall,
And o'er the work of time's rude hand
How decently its dark wreaths fall—
Emblem of PITY's mantle laid
Over some wreck by sorrow made,

Why love the Ivy ? mark yon oak

Leafless and bleached by rain and wind,
How Ivy lends a sheltering cloak

Around its old limbs closely twined—
Emblem of earthly comforts gone
And heaven's own robe of peace put on.

The star which lights life's dreariest waste,
The balm which soothes its darkest woes,
And life's dim cheerless evening graced
By the calm hope a Christian knows—
These in their emblem joined approve
The Ivy's claim on human love.

NEAR AND FAR,

A CRABBED TALE, AFTER THE MANNER OF CRABBE:

“ The colours of life in youth and age appear as different as the face of nature in spring and winter—and how can children credit the assertions of parents which their own eyes show them to be false.”

Rasselas.

OLD MAN.

Yes, age will claim its own—my weary feet
 Now gladly pause before this sloping seat,
 Gay days were those, when lightsome as the fawn
 I left at eve the hill I sought at dawn,
 And revelled in the free air at its top,
 Now at this midway knoll fatigued I stop—
 Yes, age must have its own.

YOUTH.

Ay, true, but look,
 How fair before us opens nature's book,
 And tho' thy limbs claim rest, the eye untired
 May roam abroad o'er much to be admired,

How rich, yet delicate, yon landscape seems,
 Such as we visit in our tranquil dreams,
 Yon sea, how smooth,—how even spread its strand,
 With what mild green lies carpetted the land,
 How trim and neat each villa—from yon town
 Each sound comes up to murmurs softened down.
 Or, if a louder tone, 'tis but the glee
 Of childhood for its holiday set free,
 Gracefully tapers up each pennon'd mast
 Like things of light each white-sailed skiff glides past,
 All sight or sound we catch from off this hill,
 Bespeaks a world exempt from pain or ill.

OLD MAN.

Descend we then to more familiar view
 Of the fair scene thy *faithful* pencil drew.

YOUTH.

No flattering painter I, nor prone to draw
 Aught, but the very thing I thought I saw—
 Then Father, why that sad mysterious smile?

OLD MAN.

It means, repress thine extacies awhile,
 Let's to the shore—why 'tis a shoal of mud,
 What vile impurities disgrace this flood ;
 The land lies green, because a noisome marsh,
 This Babel stuns us with its discord harsh ;
 That villa's neat, and velvet smooth its grass,
 But sounds unsuited greet us as we pass ;
 Its owners sure are discontent, or vain,
 Ill humour frowns from out that plate glass pane;
 Vile whiffs of tar exhale from yonder ship,
 What filthy wherries lie about yon slip.

YOUTH.

These the light graceful things with sails of snow,
 Which glanced across us lately—oh no—no.

OLD MAN.

Yes, dreamer, vexing truth 'tis thine to learn,
 How smiling scenes can wear an aspect stern,

How things which viewed at distance grand appear,
 Show tame and trivial when we see them near ;
 Thy pencil drew but what thine eye took in,
 Thine ear received not this perplexing din.
 The gale which wafts thee now such foul offence
 Reached not before thy too fastidious sense,
 Sea, ship, marsh, boat, town, villa, are the same,
 'Tis the deluding *distance* thou must blame,
 The sounds which on thine ear *now* harshly fall
 Were music *then*—'TWAS DISTANCE DID IT ALL.

'Tis life's true picture,—youth his hill ascends,
 Before his eye a vision fair extends—
 To paint it faithfully he means, and tries,
 But dips his brushes in delusive dyes ;
 His outline drawn with Fancy's ample scope,
 Each feature varnished with the gloss of Hope,
 Distance its shade o'er every blemish throws,
 Sun-lit in strong relief each beauty glows—
 Man is all honour—woman grace and love,

Her sweet low voice seems borrowed from the
dove ;

Life's sea lies smooth and smiling—fair the gale,

It matters little in *which* boat we sail,

Each in its turn our doubtful choice invites,

All promise us a voyage of delights.

What mean old cautious men who warn of ill ?

Well—to the proof, come dreamer, *leave thine hill*,

—He comes, in all the confidence of youth,

To test his “Fancy's sketch” with life and truth ;

Among his kind to act, observe, and mix,

Of life's varieties on one to fix.

Pass but a few short years and ask him then

What estimate he takes of things and men ;

Sad story his to tell,—A wounded heart,

Complains of man's untruth—of woman's art :

Life's treacherous sea with difficulty cross'd,

And peace and pleasure in the voyage lost,

His ill found boat can scarcely make the shore,

'Mid the wave's sullen dash, and tempest's roar,

Each blemish now in strong relief stands out,
 Each fancied beauty *nearness* puts to rout ;
 Surprised, he now finds vanish from his touch
 All that in prospect used to charm so much—
 He sketches now with pencils dipped in gall,
 And sighing owns—“ ’T WAS DISTANCE DID IT ALL.”

Oh mournful closing—life’s illusion past,
 Its evening shadows longer, gloomier cast,
 Nothing behind but dreams proved vain and fond,
 Nothing to cheer the drear abyss beyond,
 Nothing within to speak a present peace,
 Nothing to hope for after death’s release—
 Is this our end ? was man’s immortal soul
 Made but to aim at such a crownless goal ?
 Were all its powers of hope and love designed
 Thus to chew ashes—reap the whirlwind ?
 No—there’s a gracious, wise, and ordered plan,
 Discloses better things to pardoned man ;
 Who gifted with the telescope of faith,
 Looks beyond cheating time and murky death,

Sees his Redeemer's glories on each view
Show something still more beautiful and new,
Feels, when the world looks sunniest and best,
His joy in thinking—"this is not my rest."
And when it falls from the freed spirit's sight,
The mortal vail which hides the Infinite ;
And when they burst on the unhindered ear,
The harmonies from out that upper sphere,
Thankful he owns that all was poor and mean,
His ear had heard, or eye on earth had seen,
Knows how far short earth's best conceptions fall
Of that pure Presence,—DISTANCE DID IT ALL.

Yon mountain side is bleak and bare,
Its cots but few and far between,
Yet the blue smoke which melts in air,
Gives mellowed beauty to the scene.

Still let me Lord thy mercies trace
In all on nature's map displayed,
Shew me the wonders of thy grace
In every work Thy hand hath made.

The hill unfruitful, cold, and dark,
Pourtrays a world to thee untrue ;
The cots upon its side we mark
Are like thy chosen faithful few.

The smoke which curling cuts its way,
As if it sought its home in heaven,
Seems incense from the hearts which pray
To thee in calm devotion given.

ON BEING ASKED FOR DIRECTIONS ABOUT
REPAIRING A FAMILY VAULT.

“Why should we
As if we could no fitter meed afford,
Raise them memorials here.”

Bernard Barton.

Let it be plain as may be,—o’er the tomb
Where lies but dust—let no adornment shine
In mocking splendour—’tis a house of gloom,
And when our pomps with Death’s we seek to twine,
We shew the vanity of such display ;
For round the marble in our pride we bring
Rank weeds luxuriant grow, and mocking say,
Remember the rich soil from which we spring ;
The trophies we of Death—his victory—his sting.

And what avails it—when the summons loud
Of the last trump shall call us to arise ;
The lowly peasant from his grassy shroud
As quick will spring to day, and seek the skies,
As if a load of marble marked his bed—
Think'st thou a Mausolœum will avail
With Him who calls to life the buried dead,
Alas 'twill only tell the humbling tale
That human pride did live, when human life did fail.

Oh would we but reflect, with such poor pride,
How mingles nothingness—the worm's our peer,
Within the tomb he revels at our side
Nor shrink we from a fellowship so near,
For him we build—for him the Carian Queen
Did heap that costly pile in olden days,
A dwelling fair, for occupant so mean ;
Far other monument I fain would raise,
But not for future times to wonder at or praise.

Yes, let me have a monument in death,
And be it one which time shall not destroy,
And on it be inscribed a word of faith—
Of Christian faith—of Christian hope and joy—
And be that word, ~~Resurgo~~—godly deeds,
Done for HIS glory—form my fun'ral pile,
Its base that FAITH whence all my hope proceeds,
And when this dust beneath it rests awhile
May the trump wake to heaven—to live in the
Redeemer's smile.

A GRAVE YARD IN THE MOUNTAINS.

A quiet charm pervades the spot
 Where the forgotten poor are laid ;
 Unseemly show disfigures not
 The simple rites by nature paid.

No sculptor's art is purchased dear
 The peasant's poor remains to hide,
 No Mausolœum teacheth here
 How Death slays man, yet spares his pride.

No city sends its busy hum
 With contrast strange to startle death—
 But sweet low sounds from ocean come
 Soft as a whispering angel's breath.

No minster bell in gothic pride
 Tolls here for funeral array,
 But breezes from the wild hill side
 In requiems through the ruins play.

Here green herbs grow—the wild-flower waves
 And fearless here—the timid sheep
 Reposed among the grassy graves
 Seem vigil o'er the dead to keep.

The eye of Death is glazed and dull,
 No charm hath song for Death's cold ear—
 Else the wind's hymn, and ocean's lull
 Would cause me chuse a burial here.

'Twere idle choice,—the grassy sod—
 The marble vault—the ocean bed—
 Alike shall hear the call of God,
 Alike shall render up their dead.

And it is scarcely worth a thought
 Or where, or how, our ashes rest,
 If the soul's refuge has been sought,
 And the soul sleeps on Jesus' breast.

ON HEARING AN OLD NURSERY SONG.

“ If herein it may be thou shalt find
 Some notes of jarring discord, some that speak
 A spirit ill at ease, unharmonised,
 Yet 'twere a wrong unto thyself to deem
 These are the utterance of my present heart,
 My present mood—but of long years ago.

* * * * *

Oh, be sure of this,
 All things are mercies while we count them so,”

Trench's Poems.

Song of those days when sooth I thought
 That every tale of guilt or woe,
 From some far distant world was brought,
 Some world less good than ours below ;
 When fairer blossomed all the flowers
 Than those in after life we see,
 And brighter suns marked happier hours
 Which seemed on fairy wings to flee.

Alas, the change—those tales of sin

But faintly showed what now I view,

And there's a pang my heart within

Which tells that woe is human too ;

And flowers as then, now blossom fair,

And suns as bright now shine on high,

And whether winged by joy or care,

With equal speed the hours pass by.

Alas, the change—'tis not in these,

'Tis in a wrung and withered heart.

Which all on earth now joyless sees,

And listless waits from earth to part ;

Sweet song which brings me back again,

Those early days, thy notes are dear,

For there is magic in thy strain

Mingling a joy with memory's tear.

And memory's tear would never cease ;

But there's a "still small balmy voice,"

Which whispers hopes of future peace,

And bids the withered heart rejoice ;

It tells how dreary was the road,

Whose steep ascent the Saviour trod,

And bids us seek his blest abode,

By Sorrow's path which leads to God.

A. D. 1822.

CONSOLATION.

How sweet to turn the wearied thoughts to God—
 Weary—that prisoned still the soul remains,
 Weary—that life's dull path must still be trod,
 'Till Mercy's summons break our mortal chains ;
 How sweet 'tis then to turn to God in prayer,
 Mourning, yet humbled, to his chastening will,
 To ask for strength our future lot to bear,
 If HE says, "needs be," we should suffer still.

Not oft a soul unstrengthened turns away
 From such sweet service at the mercy seat,
 The faint yet trusting heart will find a stay
 And rise refreshed all foes or ills to meet.
 "Not mine the will but thine"—on memory's view
 These words of love should rise—when from our cup
 Of bitterness we turn,—and tell me who
 Could think of *Him*, and leave its bitterest sup?

ADORATION.

THY air I breathe—THY earth I tread—
THY wild flowers wave about my head—
Sweet with THY odours floats the breeze,
The wild birds sing THY symphonies ;
Fixed by THY voice, in masses vast
The everlasting hills stand fast.
THY word bids insect myriads play,
Their world a leaf—their life a day ;
THY hand stretched forth, yon arch so blue,
Yon deep THY mandate gathered too—
The life wherewith all nature teems—
The light from yonder orb which beams—
The ear to hear—the eye to gaze—
The heart to feel—the tongue to praise—
Creation's varied power to bless
And ours to know what we possess,
The world within—above—abroad
Are stamped as THINE, all-glorious GOD.

WEEDS AND FLOWERS.

A lady asked her gardener,—“ why the weeds outgrew the flowers ?”—
“ Madam,” said he, “ the soil is mother to the weeds, but only stepmother
to the flowers.”

One glorious day, when time was young,
Saw earth all radiant as a bride,
The morning stars together sung
To see her to her God allied ;
The glad event they hailed with loud acclaim,
Worthy her spouse, the Lord of Hosts his name.

And offspring soon this union blest,
For odorous flowers, rich and fair,
Hung graceful round their mother's breast,
And shed their sweetness on the air ;
Then every hour saw some new beauty given
To grace the bands uniting earth with heaven.

Woe, woe to earth—these hours are past,
 Brief hours of pure untainted bliss ;
 O'er every earthly joy is cast
 Sin's shadow from that hour to this ;
 The tempter spake and earth forsook her spouse
 To taste the curse which follows broken vows.

Woe, woe, to earth—her heart is changed,
 An alien from her home above ;
 Now far from God she walks éstranged,
 The flowers have lost their mother's love ;
 To claim her care another race succeeds,
 Fruit of her sin and shame, unsightly weeds.

And they would die—the orphan'd flowers,
 But still a Father's love remains—
 He sends them sun—He sends them showers,
 His gracious care their life sustains ;
 Adulterous, shameless earth, with weeds o'ergrown,
 Exhausts her mother care on them alone.

Oh let the fate of flowers be mine,
 Let earth a careless step-dame prove ;
 Her care, her favour I resign,
 But let me know A Father's love ;
 Better with them within HIS heart to live,
 Than share the sinful fondness earth can give.

She feeds her sons—but all her care
 Their weedy nature ill repays,
 They give no odours to the air,
 They shew no beauties to the gaze ;
 Thankless for good, 'gainst sorrow they rebel,
 Nor sun, nor showers, cause weeds to bloom or smell.

When God sends gifts—his children kneel
 In praise before the mercy seat ;
 When sorrow comes—even then they feel
 That sorrow from his hand is meet ;
 His sunshine thus each flower with beauty dyes,
 And after showers, their sweets like incense rise.

NEGLECTED FLOWERS.

He who would dress a rosy bower
Must train with care his budding rose,
And he who loves a sweet-pea flower
Must watch and weed it as it grows ;
The rose untrained its sweets will shed,
In wasted fragrance on the ground,
The flower unwatched will droop its head,
While choking weeds entwine it round.

It is no book-learned tale I sing,
A garden taught this truth to me,
I saw the rose bud forth in spring,
I sowed and watched the scented pea ;
But I was far in summer in time,
And when I saw my flowers again,
The rose had passed its beauty's prime,
The pea its fragrance shed in vain.

It was a frail and fragrant thing,
And yielding as the youthful heart,
Like human love its tendrils cling,
As close they wind, as loth they part ;
And soon they clasp round every weed,
Like man's young love round things of earth,
Unless we train with careful heed
The heart and floweret from their birth.

And love would seem a band too slight
To keep man's restless heart secure,
And slender strings these stems unite,
We deem could scarce a touch endure ;
And yet how hard to sever love,
How oft will hearts in parting die,
And oh—how strong these tendrils prove,
Rudeness may break—but can't untie.

Pilgrim of earth—be warned hence,
Nor scorn the lesson from a flower—
Give not the things of time and sense
Upon thy soul unfitting power ;
For tho' their hold seems slight and weak,
Prepared to yield to every touch,
Yet oft the very heart-strings break,
When torn from things they love too much.

And in this flower which hangs its head
In wasted sweetness 'mid the weeds,
Behold some soul in youth misled,
For whom, despised a Saviour bleeds ;
Then seek affection's rest above,
Where souls once anchored safely hold,
And ere earth's weeds can snare thy love,
Clasp heaven's pure treasures in its fold.

FADING FLOWERS.

They were pulled—and they faded,
The blossoms which braided
So carelessly wild round the stem of their birth ;
Tho' blooming when gathered,
An hour saw them withered,
And told in their dying a kindred to earth.

And give they no warning,
These flowers of a morning,
Which blossomed at dawn—before eve to decay ;
Their fate would we read it,
Their voice would we heed it,
Tell of pleasures and glories as fleeting as they.

All earthly we cherish,
Like day flowers must perish,
Earth's care, or earth's labour is never repaid ;
Earth's joys are all promise,
An hour takes them from us,
We touch them, they wither—we grasp—and they
fade.

And is there nought staying ?
Is all thus decaying ?
Is happiness thus but the voice of a dream ?
'Tis a flower of heaven,
On earth 'tis not given,
But unfading it blooms in Eternity's beam.

AD FAGUM.

It is a quiet luxury to stand
 Beneath the beech-shade, in the sultry hour
 Of summer noon—and now when autumn's hand
 Has tinged the leaves with gold, her magic power
 To please the sense, beguiles us to forget
 That every bright tint indicates decay ;
 As when consumption's seal on youth is set,
 We see the cheek bloom—and a transient ray
 Lights up the sufferer's eye—how soon to pass away.

I have a lovely beech before me now,
 Its foliage varied by the brightest hues
 Of autumn's pencil—on the mountain brow
 The sun still lingers, and his rays diffuse
 Their magic glow—and now the tree displays
 Such beauties as again the thoughts engage ;
 To muse on life's decay—when full of days
 His earthly course nigh run—the Christian's age
 Brightens in heaven's light, even to its latest stage.

Still the tree charms the eye—while slow the night
Girt with her zone of stars ascends the steep
Of azure heaven, guided by the light
Of the pale moon's lamp, who (while dreamy sleep
Deludes the wearied alchemist to bliss,
With hope to-morrow's labour will bestow
The sought arcanum,) with her faery kiss
Transmutes to silver all the flowers below,
And every crystal stream in silver seems to flow.

ALONE WITH GOD.

"NUSQUAM MINUS SOLUS QUAM SOLUS."

There is a steril hill, and brown,
And scarce a wild-flower marks its sod,
Yet peaceful there I've sat me down,
Alone with God.

There is a wild and wave-worn shore
Whose fretted sands I've often trod,
Soothed the while by ocean's roar,
Alone with God.

I've passed the busy thronging mart,
What time its world was all abroad,
Yet through the din have walked apart,
Alone with God.

I've stood in pleasure's gay saloon,
Where diamonds blaze, and high plumes nod,
And even there could still commune,
Alone with God.

VENIT SUMMA DIES ET INELUCTABILE TEMPUS.

“ The heathen having no thoughts of a future resurrection, but believing the bodies of those who were dead would be for ever in the grave, made use of cypress in their funerals, a tree which being once cut, never revives—but dies away.”

I see a train of mourners, veiled and slow
Moving to lay some ashes in a tomb
Which daylight scarce can look on, through the gloom
Of overhanging cypress—as they go
In every hand are cypress branches seen ;
That tree which wounded once, no more is green,
Nor ever with reviving spring doth grow.
All this is fitting—Death sits conqueror here,
His palace door stands open—mortals bring
Trophies to lay before the Victor King,
Confess his sway with many a tribute tear,
And in their hands acknowledgment they bear,
That though his rule be harsh—his doom severe—
They know nor help, nor hope against his sting.

“NON OMNIS MORIAR.”

“ Christians having better hopes, and knowing that this very body shall one day rise again, and be reunited to the soul, distribute rosemary to the company, which (being always green and flourishing the more for being cropt, and of which a sprig only being set in the ground will sprout up and branch into a tree,) is more proper to express their confidence and trust.”

I see a train in mourning habits clad,
Waiting to give a friend's remains to earth;
His widow by a desolated hearth
Stands with her orphans round her—calmly sad;
Her's is not grief intemperate, or mad,
For with a steady hand and quiet eye,
Ere tears relieve her bursting bosom's pain,
In token that not all in death doth die,
She gives each mourner there green Rosemary,
Whose slightest branch takes root and grows again.
All here is fitting too,—give sorrow scope,
Yet since the Saviour rose with bruised heel,
'Tis ours in Death's worst enmity to feel,
We need not “sorrow as not having hope.”

THE SEA SHORE.

I've wandered at the close of day,
 And from a distant shore,
 Where iron cliffs to seaward frown'd,
 Came to mine ear with soften'd sound,
 The breaker's angry roar ;
 But in the still and sheltered bay,
 Whose calm expanse before me lay,
 The voiceless tide
 So gently won its way to land,
 The very ripple on the strand
 In silence died.

To the eye peace seemed pillowed on ocean's breast,
 'Twas the ear told the soul there was somewhere
 unrest.

 And can it be
 The silver sea
 Whose waters sleep in stillness here,
 Is aught allied
 To that dark tide
 Whose angry foaming fills the ear ?
 Yes, ocean its waters supplies to each,
 As it foams on the cliff—as it sleeps on the beach.

Thus on the soul to thought inclined

Come softened from afar,

Where sons of earth their labours ply,

Rumours of ills—of conflicts high—

Of madness—riot—jar ;

But the blest few, on earth who find

A portion of the Saviour's mind ;

Their mild lives tell

That earth hath nought so rich or dear

As may their souls with hope or fear,

Or sorrow swell,

These live as if earth was scarce worthy a thought,

And those, as if earth were alone to be sought.

And can we deem

That souls which seem

Scarce earthly, even while on earth,

Are kin to those

Whose joys and woes

From earthly changes have their birth ?

Yes, Nature their being to each has given,

To the toiler for earth—to the pilgrim for heaven.

THE EVENING STAR.

The star of evening fixed mine eye,
In its pure cloudless splendor gliding
Through the blue ocean hung on high,
While scarce was heard the storm subsiding ;
How much I loved that quiet star
From earth and sin removed so far.

But while I wished that I had wings
To gain that star's abode of rest,
The wild wind fiercely rising flings
Its cloak of cloud o'er heaven's breast ;
And vainly then mine eye would dwell
Upon the star it loved so well.

Not long 'twas hid—the storm's career
 Chased the light clouds—to mortal view
 The star of eve so mildly clear
 Again shone out in heaven's blue ;
 I sighed to think how slight a veil
 Could heaven from sinful man conceal.

Thus when unfettered thought takes flight
 To where in unseen brightness shining,
 HE sits the source of life and light,
 Too soon it sinks to earth repining—
 And mournful owns, how sin's dark cloud
 On mortal vision casts its shroud.

But soon 'twill pass—the march of time
 Sweeps earth's impurities away,
 And death will ope a view sublime
 To souls which wait for heaven's day—
 He who on earth hath humbly trod
 Christ's path of life, shall then SEE GOD.

THE STUDENT.

"The name of the fourth fallen angel is *Penemue* : he discovered to the children of men bitterness and sweetness,

And pointed out to them every secret of their wisdom ;

He taught men to understand writing and the use of ink and paper ;

Therefore numerous have been those who have gone astray from every period of the world even to this day——

For men were not born for this, thus with pen and ink to confirm their faith,

Since they were not created except that like the angels they might remain righteous and pure ;

Nor would Death, which destroys every thing, have afflicted them,

But by this their knowledge they perish, and by this also its power consumes them."

Archbishop Laurence's Translation of Enoch, lxviii. 9—16.

With aspect pale, and forehead damp,

And eye in hectic lustre bright,

Beside his oft replenished lamp

Yon student watches out the night ;

What busy workings of the mind,

Thought chasing thought on wings of wind,

In painful search for knowledge rare

Meet in that lonely student there.

Around him ponderous volumes lie
 Rich with the lore of ages past,
 Thereout he drinks with eager eye
 Strange theories—conceptions vast ;
 And while beneath his pen they grow
 Notes which his varied reading show—
 Poor youth these vigils of the brain
 Draw on life's source with fatal drain.

It was not thus—when stamped as “good,”
 Fresh from his Maker's hand he came,
 And every subject creature stood
 To take from man his fitting name ;
 Intuitively then—each thought
 Rose on the soul with knowledge fraught,
 Nor gained he then—by process slow
*This truth**—how little truth we know.

* “ I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.”—*Sir Isaac Newton's sentiment just before his death.*

'Twill not be thus—when in the ray
Of that blest sun which sets no more,
All earthly knowledge fades away—
And learning's toils and gains are o'er;
Then as the angel's steadfast gaze
Can look on truth's unveiled blaze,
So ransomed man before the throne
Knows God even as himself is known.

ON CHURCH DIVISIONS.

"Is Christ divided? Was Paul crucified for you?"—1 *Cor.* i. 13.

"Then let them which be in Judea flee to the mountains."—*Matt.* xxiv. 16.

There are two omens—neither tokeneth good—
 'Mid the forsaken temple's blazing pile,
 The Roman foe fast closing round the while
 Lost in vain janglings—fated Israel stood,
 And rank plain vices grew, a monstrous brood
 Unchecked in Corinth, while a zealot crowd
 Of Paul, Apollos, Cephas, boasted loud,
 Scarce recking *who* for them shed holy blood,
 Are these things signs for us? Long suffering Lord,
 Standing on danger's brink, oh let us read
 Our wisdom in them,—we may strive for creed,
 Or party, while through our remissness breed
 Scandals and shames, which we should have abhorred,
 Did we seek mastery less, and more the heart's accord.

"Sir Isaac Newton, while investigating the great law of 'attraction of gravitation,' finding as he advanced the manifest tendency of the numbers employed in his researches, to produce the long wished for results, suffered so much from nervous excitement, that becoming at length unable to go on with the calculation, he entreated one of his friends to make it for him."

Vie de Newton. Mons. Biot.

"This it is to be a mortal,
And seek the things beyond mortality."

Byron's Manfred.

From off this speck among the worlds of space
A gifted mortal sent exploring eye,
Which roaming through the vast expanse on high,
Saw star and planet each keep ordered place ;
Then sought the system to its law to trace,
Now may he sing *ευρεκα*—he has found.
Needs of his mighty mind, but one short bound
And he will grasp the secret of the sky ;
When lo !—upon the threshold of success
The strong man bows,—the eagle eye grows dim,
Fails nerve and intellect,—faints heart and limb,
And he must cry some common spirit's aid,
To reach the wondrous prize, so nearly made,
How all should teach proud man—*his littleness.*

THE SIN AT HOREB.

“ When Joshua heard the noise of the people as they shouted, he said unto Moses, a noise of war in the camp. And he said, not the voice of them that shout for mastery—nor the voice of them that cry for being overcome, but the voice of them that sing do I hear.”—*Exod. xxxii. 17—19.*

I.

“ The noise of war is in the camp,”

And yet I hear no hostile tramp ;

Thus to his master, Joshua said,

As from the cloud on Sinai’s head,

The downward steep he trod.

With him he bears that holy law,

Proclaimed ’mid thunders—heard with awe,

Then upon tablets each command

Graved by the Deity’s own hand ;

And as he leaves the holy hill

His heart within is burning still

From communing with God.

II.

With saddened eye he looks below

Where sinning Israel lies.

He hears more loud the tumult grow,

And yet no sign is there of foe ;

Too well the cause doth Moses know,

And sadly thus replies—

Thou hearest not the battle cry

Of those who strive for mastery,

Nor is it thus the vanquished call

For aid or mercy as they fall ;

Far other sounds are these—the shout

By madd'ning revelry rung out—

The reckless laugh which sin employs

To drown intrusive thought in noise,

It seemeth me that from a throng

Joined in some loud licentious song

These mingled voices rise.

III.

Now nearer to the camp they drew,

And oh what sorrows met the view

Of faithful Moses there.

His Israel, favoured of their God,

Who passed the Red-sea depths dry shod,

Then saw its wave with vengeful roar

Cast their pursuers on the shore ;

Who came from out their bondage land

And still unharmed held their way,

Kept by JEHOVAH's own right hand,

Flame-led by night, cloud-led by day,

Towards Canaan's border fair.

These are the people—even these

Who in the cloud, and in the sea,

Had vowed to God their fealty,

Who now their grieving leader sees

Of shame and love alike bereft.

Bowing in godless zeal their knees

Before the senseless vanities,

For which Sinai's God they left.

IV.

Tho' privileged with God to speak,
 Meekly his honour Moses bore,
 Nor e'er had human eye before
 Seen anger from his soul outbreak,

But patience now were sin.

Forgotten all JEHOVAH's care
 Egypt's worst error copied there,
 An idol calf he sees enthroned
 For Israel's God proclaimed and owned ;
 The shameless dance—the song impure
 God's servant may not long endure,

Outbursts the wrath within.

A while in patient grief he stands
 The holy tables in his hands,

But then the thought comes in.

From God so ready to withdraw,
 Oh what have these to do with law—
 To give them now these rules divine,
 Were to cast pearls before swine ;
 No—let them lie defaced and broken
 Of Israel's sin and shame a token.

* * * * *

V.

Ours is a day of clearer light
 The senseless idols once adored
 Are "flung to moles and bats"—no sight
 Like Sinai's *now* insults the Lord ;
 Why doth he then in his own word
 Of such backsliding make record ?

He says, that we may learn.

And oh that man would but perceive,
 Why God discloses Israel's shame,
 Hands down their chastisement and crime,
 That we who now profess his name,
 On whom is come the end of time,
 Our God should neither tempt or grieve,

But wisdom's way discern.

As beacon lights upon the shore
 Where some tall ship was wrecked before,
 Bid Mariners away.

So Israel's sin and thanklessness
 Their follies in the wilderness,
 To after times the word has brought,
 That by the sad example taught

We should not sin as they.

VI.

But may we then indeed decide
That the clear light of this one day,
 Since the Redeemer died,
Shews *every* idol thrown away.

May we be sure, when God looks down
On camp or temple, field or town,
That he hath nothing there to see
Arousing him to jealousy?
Do none, in plain despite of grace,
Set rivals in his holy place,

 Above Him, or beside?

And oh—when he to whom the grave
Discloses what it holds 'till doom,
From whose research hell's darkest cave
Can keep no secret in its gloom.

When he whose eye abhorreth sin,
Searches the temple heart within,
Doth he find nothing to provoke,
No cursed thing enthroned there,
No passion held in pleasure's snare,

No guarded vice which 'scapes all view
 But his who looks us through and through,
 Sees he no solemn promise broke,
 To him in serious seeming spoke,
 And in its stead the cherished yoke
 Of Avarice or Pride ?

VII.

God, who to man in ages past
 By prophets spoke—and when he came
 Himself, made earthquake, cloud and flame
 His harbingers, now best and last
 Has spoken by His Son—
 And mercy's message is so clear,
 The word which tells it come so near,*
 That those may read who run.
 Sad questions, therefore, these, to men
 For whom no clouds or terrors now
 Veil the Almighty's awful brow,

* "The word is nigh thee."—*Rom. x. 8.*

Who are not called to camp again
 Around the burning hill
 Advanced to Zion's holy rest,*
 To angels and the countless blest,
 To Salem's walls not made with hands,
 And to the Messenger who stands
 Pouring on earth his precious blood,
 Which speaks to man not curse but good;
 Free to such blessings stand apart,
 And quietly with thine own heart,
 Take counsel and be still.

VIII.

And if with God-forsaken Saul,†
 We can lull conscience into sleep,
 And while some cherished sin we keep,
 Boast that we have performed all
 JEHOVAH would have done.

* "Ye are come unto mount Zion," &c.—*Heb.* xii. 22—24.

† "Samuel came unto Saul, and Saul said unto him blessed be thou of the LORD, I have performed the commandment of the LORD."—1 *Sam.* xv. 13.

If through the heart's deep, deep deceit,

Questions complacently we meet,

Which consciousness should shun.

When God convicting our mistake,

Shall further inquisition make,

The confidence in which we stand,

Will fail us like the shifting sand,

As thus the questions run—

*Am I obeyed? then whence arise**

These mingled sounds which reach the skies?

IX.

It may be sooth, as legends tell,

That there lies deep in lowest hell

Some foul peculiar cheerless cell,

Reserved for those who dare produce

The baseless lie, or mean excuse,

Their evil deeds to screen.

“Keep silence earth,” with conscious cheek,

* ———“And Samuel said what meaneth then . . . this which I hear.”—1 Sam. xv. 14.

Add not to sin pretences weak,
 Let the accusing angel speak

And shew what these things mean.

Not these the sounds of holy praise
 From saints preserved in evil days,
 Nor calls for help from those who know
 God's strength alone can quell their foe,
 Nor are they godly sorrow's plaint,
 From souls in trial's hour found faint,

Now turned on God to lean.

X.

These are neglected misery's moans
 From breaking hearts come up these groans
 Of widow wronged, and trusting maid
 In her simplicity betrayed,
 The labourer's defrauded hire*
 Cries out for God's suspended ire.
 From thronging marts comes worldly din,

* James v. 4.

That maniac laugh* from outcast sin,
 That rabble yell, but greets the way
 Of some poor idol of a day ;--
 The quiet contumely of pride
 Noting what poverty would hide,
 Anger's loud tone, contempt's small sneer,
 No sound of these escapes God's ear,
 And when our patient God looks out
 Upon His world's disordered rout,
 When now His eye is turned below,
 To look are these things truly so,
 He sees worse evidences lie,
 To mark our broken fealty—
 A Christian's sin for wrath when ripe,
 With clearer light, brings heavier stripe,
 And darker frowns the Eternal's brow,
 On those who brave or slight him now,
 Who all untaught by Israel's loss,
 To broken law,—add trampled cross.

* "Maniac laugh"—few sounds are more *awful* to my ear than the reckless laugh of the poor houseless prostitute in the streets of a large city at night—the gaiety of madness is scarcely more appalling—to these poor creatures the poet's words apply well—

"Deluded victims—never hath this earth
 Seen mourning half so mournful as their mirth."

Lalla Rookh.

ON SEEING M. GIRODET'S PICTURE
OF THE DELUGE,

AT THE PALACE DU LUXEMBOURG.

"As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be in the day of the Son of Man."

Hearts are not human—else they feel
The tale of woe this scene portrays—
Then let it not in vain appeal,
Nor mock the lesson it conveys.

See the last reed which hope can grasp,
Beneath a *father's* hand gives way,
He feels his fainting *partner's* grasp,
He hears the flood which waits its prey.

A helpless *sire* his back sustains,
His helpless *infants* round him cling,
No resting place nor hope remains,
Within his ears their death-cries ring.

Then *partners, parents, children*, friends,
If earthly ties your hearts unite,
Mark what a scene like this portends,
And use its warning lesson right.

Think—when descends the judgment gloom,
A trump shall sound, fond hearts to sever,
Less dread the summons to the tomb,
For *judgment parting lasts for ever*.

Then oh let grace subdue each heart,
Which holds its varied kindred dear,
If 'twould be bitter thus to part,
Pray for that love which knows no fear.

Seek now in Jesus' ark a place,
Safe o'er the judgment waves 'twill ride,
The Saviour steers, 'twas built by grace,
And man is sure in nought beside.

SONNET.

“ And Moses said—I will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burned.”—*Exod.* xxiii. 3.

On cherub wings God doth not always ride,
 Nor royally shine forth in car of flame,
 Nor always when abroad JEHOVAH came,
 Hath the rent earth his presence testified,
 To thoughtful souls in many a way beside
 He doth reveal himself—some simple thing,
 A worm,—a stone,—a daisy flower,—can bring
 God manifestly present. Woe betide
 The man, of soul so unobservant, dull,
 Or of the world's entanglements so full,
 Who on life's common way his course can keep,
 With thought incurious—senses all asleep—
 Nor ever with God's tokens round him, tried
 What these things meant—nor paused—nor turned
 aside,—

THE WINTER KING.

The following imitation of one of Mr. Lewis' tales of wonder, was written upon the occasion of a young woman and her infant perishing in the valley of Glencara, during the intensely cold snow season of 1822—23.

The snow it lay deep on Glencara's lone side,
 And evening drew closer her mantle's gray fold ;
 Poor Ellen she shivered as homeward she hied,
 For her babe and herself were both pinched by the
 cold.

Then loud wailed the babe at her bosom she bore,
 And well might he weep on that dreary lone hill,
 His home at Glencara he ne'er should see more,
 For the Winter King's voice sounded loudly and
 shrill.

Oh mother, dear mother, the baby, he cried,
 The Winter King's near us—his summons I hear ;
 Now hush thee, my darling, the mother replied,
 'Tis the wind through the branches which causes thy
 fear.

Oh mother, dear mother, yon lady in white,
 'Tis the Winter King's daughter, she calls me away,
 She tells me I'll sleep on her bosom to-night,
 But with thee at our cottage I rather would stay.

Hush, hush, silly baby, thy ravings—for look,
 Yon lady's thy May-bush, now covered with snow,
 Her voice but the run of thy favourite brook,
 And our home is much nearer than elfin or foe.

Then haste, darling mother, our cottage to win,
 For the Winter-King holds me unnoticed by thee,
 I feel his cold grasp in my bosom within :
 Oh mother our cottage I never shall see.

Sore trembled the mother—her mantle close drew,
 O'er ice and o'er snow-wreath her journey she sped,
 But when home and its ruddy fire rose on her view,
 Her haste was in vain *for the baby was dead.*

<p>“BYRON IS DEAD.”</p>

London Paper, 1824.

Star of the morning—is thy brightness set ?
 How simply sad these mournful words reply,
 And speak that lesson, all so soon forget—
 That nature’s proudest, gifted son must die ;
 Nations will sorrow o’er thy early tomb,
 The muse will grieve to see thy harp unstrung,
 But Virtue, calm amid the far-spread gloom,
 Can only wish thy sweetest lays unsung,
 And sadly speak of thee—her direst foes among.

Star of the morning—on whose brief career
 Of dazzling mischief fearingly we gaze,
 The fiat issued forth—and from its sphere
 Thy soul is fled beyond our blame or praise ;
 When gifts best used—and evil days redeemed,
 Can only blunt death's sting—not wholly save
 The meteor light which from thy talents gleamed,
 Sheds no consoling halo on thy grave,

Nor shews one gift redeemed to honour Him who
 gave.

Sooth did'st thou tell, that in life's morning prime,
 Passion and riot wrought thy heart's decay,
 How wild excess had done the work of time,
 And "squandered thy whole summer while 'twas
 May ;"

Oh who could hear thee thus* desponding mourn
 The withered freshness of thy youthful heart,
 Without the wish, these days could now return,
 When thou mightest "choose that good and peaceful
 part,"

Which gives more joy than vice, without its cure-
 less smart.

But now or wish or prayer for thee is vain,
 Yet speaks their vanity with warning voice,
 To those endowed like thee, who yet remain,
 And in their promised length of days rejoice ;
 Go sons of genius—weep o'er BYRON'S grave,
 Mourn for its tenant—mourn his early doom,
 And while its *date* tells youth nor health can save,
 Think ere the summons calls you to the tomb,
 How sin can barb death's dart, and deepen dissolution's gloom.

* "But now at thirty is my head grown gray,
 I wonder much what it will be at forty—
 I thought of a peruke the other day ;
 My heart is not much greener, and in short I,
 Have squandered my whole summer while 'twas May.
 * * * * *
 No more—no more—oh never more on me,
 That freshness of the heart shall come like dew,
 Which out of all the lovely things we see,
 Extracts emotions beautiful and new."

Byron's Works.

HOPE REMAINETH.

Life's morning blushes into day,
The joys of childhood loose their sway
 O'er youth's aspiring mind ;
The onward path, the wild and rude,
Seems pleasantly with flowerets strewed,
 For HOPE remains behind.

But soon—ere half our course is run,
While high in heaven stands life's sun,
 A stern reverse we find—
The flowers prove weeds—at most we meet
A scattered few, as frail as sweet,
 Still HOPE remains behind.

And HOPE, deceiver, whispers still,
 Of resting place from care and ill,
 And man, to believe inclined,
 Still credulously wanders on,
 'Till wise too late—his daylight gone,
 No HOPE remains behind.

Some few—some happier souls who deem
 This earthly day but twilight's gleam,
 Who share the Saviour's mind ;
 Their flowers in heaven unfading bloom,
 Their rest is sought beyond the tomb
 Their HOPE remains behind.

And yet for them, HOPE's gentle ray
 Shall fade in heaven's unclouded day,
 Tho' bright on earth it shined ;
 Hope with her twin-companion faith,
 Live but to cheer this world of death,
 But LOVE remains behind.

RESURRECTION.

"Jesus said—Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."—*John*, xii. 24.

"Let us behold the fruits, every one sees how the seed is sown,—the sower went forth, and cast it upon the earth, and the seed which when it was sown fell upon the earth dry and naked, in time dissolves, and from the dissolution the great power of the providence of the Lord raises it again."

Clemens Romanus, Epist. ad. Corinth. Sec. xxiv.

There's not a blade of grass—there's not an herb—
 But in its growing fruitfulness proclaims
 A truth most blest to man ; he sows the seed—
 A withered lifeless looking particle,
 To human eye, more meet to be cast forth
 At mercy of the winds, than to be sown
 With hope of re-production—yet not thus,
 The skilful gard'ner looks upon the germ
 His care commits to earth—he sows in faith,
 That the springs morrow, fruitful made by dews,
 Will fructify that lifeless looking speck
 Of vegetable life—productive made by God.

When for short space within earth's bosom laid,
 Should curious care or chance break up the ground,
 But late so thickly sown—with wondering eyes,
 The gard'ner seeks his seed—but finds it not—
 Earth's decomposing power hath dissolved
 Its last year's husk, which earth had only lent,
 A perishable garment now restored
 To earth from whence 'twas taken—know'st thou not,
 Vain, careful one, who seekest what was sown,
 And can'st not find—that should thy seed retain,
 Unperishing, the same substantial form
 With which 'twas laid in earth, in vain were sent
 The morning dew, the midday's ripening beam,
 And the cool "latter rain" which falls at eve—
 For 'stead of flourishing and verdant crops,
 Fresh, fruitful, beautiful, thine eye would range
 O'er naked beds of earth—small solace then,
 I ween it were to turn again the soil,
 And find thy little particle of seed
 Entire and fruitless still.

And can it be,
 That there are found 'mong reasonable men,
 Whose intellects reject the blissful truth,
 Thus told by nature's voice from nature's God,
 Breathes there a man so stoical of soul,
 That he can see some loved one treasured deep,
 Yea, in his heart of hearts—go stricken down,
 To fade within death's narrow tenement,
 And yet reject "the sure and certain hope"
 Here told of life restored beyond the grave.
 Death is the Christian's seed time—he commits
 A sickly frame whose element is dust,
 To the moist bosom of corrupting earth,
 There to await its spring—'He sows in faith ;'
 He seeks not, Pharaoh like, to treasure up,
 Embalmed within a pyramidal tomb,
 The rotting heap of earth, which once was man,
 He hears, he knows, he loves the voice of God,
 Who thus assures him in his world and word
 That—when upon the resurrection morn

The angel's dead awakening trump shall sound,
'Twill call the bodies in dishonour sown
To rise in glory—frames corruptible,
To put on incorruption ; making sure
This saying, " The last triumph is complete."
Death, the great slayer, lies a prey himself,
Our victor Lord hath robbed him of his sting.

THE CRY AT MIDNIGHT.

These lines were suggested by the following occurrence—I had fallen asleep at a late hour, and after a long period of feverish wakefulness, and I was suddenly awakened by a long piercing cry, the most appalling I ever remember to have heard,—it came from many voices, and the tones of grief were various, but so simultaneous the sounds that they appeared as the voice of an individual. I arose and opened my window, which looked out upon a large open space in front of a county hospital, and by the dim light I perceived it to be thronged with people; I then recollected that on the morning of that day a young girl had been brought to the hospital suffering under the effects of a strong poison, taken accidentally; her agonies were acute, and terminated only with her existence. Her friends had waited the event at the door of the institution, and, either through curiosity or sympathy, a large crowd had gradually collected; when night closed, the mass of watchers remained fixed in perfect stillness, or communicating with each other only in whispers; so that I had gone to bed perfectly unconscious of the assemblage below—at length, in the stillness of the night, word was passed from the hospital that all was over. The young woman was dead—and the piercing cry of which I have spoken, burst from the multitude—the impression it made on my relaxed and startled faculties I have never forgotten, nor can I imagine any earthly sound so strongly realising my conception of the cry which shall be heard “when the kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him.”

Morn saw her in strength
 As she rose from her slumber;
 Her life promised length,
 And her days who could number?
 Eve looked on her bier,
 Where by spirit forsaken,
 Lay an object of fear
 Which no morrow should waken.

All sorrow was still
While her fate hung suspended
But the death-wail rose shrill
When the last struggle ended.
Could that mournful cry
Reach the ear of the spirit
While mounting on high
Other worlds to inherit ?

If, as cabalists say,
The freed tenant must hover
Round its mansion of clay,
When the death-pang is over,
Will wailing, will tears,
Lure it back to the prison,
To the pains, to the fears,
Whence so late it had risen ?

Will they bring it again
From its newly found sphere ?
Will repinings of men
Interrupt its career ?
And oh, would a friend
Who had hope of its bliss,
Wish a soul to descend
From that bright world to this ?

SILENCE IN HEAVEN.

"When he had opened the seventh seal, there was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."—*Rev. viii, 1.*

"Silence in Heaven!"—do I read aright?
 Can silence ever be, where still the song
 Of "holy, holy, holy,"* from the throng
 Of marshalled angels ceaseth day nor night?
 What then this silence?—'Tis that awful pause
 Appointed by unalterable laws,
 The lull before the tempest—the pent breath
 With which the gazers wait a felon's death,
 Or the long, painful gasp, which terror draws
 Quailing beneath an apparition's blight,
 Angels who strained their vision to behold
 Redemption's plan by mercy's hand unroll'd,†
 Stand hushed and shrinking, while the opened seal
 Seems ready, wrath's outpouring to reveal.

* *Rev. iv, 8.*

† *1 Pet. i, 12.*

“There is no speech—no words,
 No voice of them is heard,
 (Yet) Their sound goes throughout the world.”
Psalm xix. 3. Bishops Horsely and Horne's Annotations.

(Written on the Malvern Hills, June 1825.)

WORCESTERSHIRE.

On this side, o'er a sea of green,
 The vision ranges all unbroken;
 What doth it say—that beauteous scene?
 It speaks—tho' not a word be spoken—
 Its woods, and level lawns declare,
 That God is present every where.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

Tired of rich sameness—turns the eye
 Where grassy swells, and dales between,
 In nature's sweet disorder, lie—
 What doth it say, that beauteous scene?
 It also tells, that landscape fair,
 That God is present every where.

What doth it say, this barren hill?

Its silence hath a meaning voice,

It bids us pray, adore, be still,

And in this blessed truth rejoice—

That not in vain is whisper'd prayer,

For God is present every where.

Thou sun, ye clouds careering high,

“Take up,” and tell “the wondrous tale,”

What says the day lamp of the sky,

What whispers this refreshing gale—

Earth's voice is echoed through the air,

Speaking God present every where.

A SUMMER STORM.

Kensington Gardens, 1821.

A summer's eve was overcast,
And in its hoarse and piercing blast,
 Rude winter seemed to reign ;
The trees beneath its fury bent,
Their leafy robe of green was rent,
 Their blossoms strewed the plain.

But morning came with aspect calm,
Its sky was clear, its breath was balm,
 It wooed me forth to rove ;
No trace of last night's storm to-day,
Save buds and leaves which withering lay,
 Torn rudely from the grove.

That balmy morn, that azure sky,
Seemed to say, " nothing here shall die,"
All spoke creation's God ;
But the crushed leaves beneath my feet,
Told that Earth's joys were frail as sweet,
At every step I trod.

What tho' that storm the grove had spared,
Yet soon would winter's hand have bared,
Each tree's luxuriant bloom ;
So tho' our joys may 'scape the breath
Of early blight—the hand of death
Soon hides them in the tomb.

But sadly, often, in life's prime,
Yea, in its height of summer time,
Comes down some wintry eve ;
Our hearts are bowed by sorrow's blast,
Our joys, like leaves, to earth are cast,
Our hopes a blight receive.

A CHRISTIAN'S EARLY DEPARTURE.

Yes, Death hath terrors, when o'er age,
Weak, tottering age, he throws the pall ;
When warrior brave, or statesman sage,
Struck by his dart, unerring fall.

But Death hath more of terror, when,
Ere Time hath stolen boyhood's bloom,
Leaving the aged living men,
He digs for youth an early tomb.

I saw thee once, a joyous child,
With brow unmarked by care or pain,
When Hope upon thy young days smiled,
Whose sunny dreams have just proved vain.

I've seen thee now—thine haggard eyes
Are wild in Death's unearthly light ;
Hope, as she looks upon thee, dies,
And vanquished Life deserts the fight.

The strife is past—Life's sinking lamp,
Whose flickering flame was dim before,
Now, quenched by Death's sepulchral damp,
Lights up the house of clay no more.

Young, reckless spirits, enter here,
And pause awhile beside the bed,
Where, called away in mid career,
A brother lies untimely dead.

This senseless clay once lived—this cheek
Bloomed like your own, tho' now so pale,
These wasted hands too truly speak
How vain your strength, your life how frail.

These truths are common ; every bell,
Tolled for the dead, such lesson gives,
More cheering truth is our's to tell,
That, 'spite of Death, your brother lives.

His earthly cup was mantling gay,
With all that youth delights to sip ;
But Sickness dashed the cup away,
Just as its brim had touched his lip.

He turned him then, unmurmuring,
Tho' Life's gay day-dream all was o'er,
And drank of Mercy's living spring,
Till pain or thirst he felt no more.

EPIGRAMMA.

Il passato non è, ma celo pinge,
 La viva remembranza—
 Il futuro non è, ma celo finge,
 La credula speranza.
 Il presente sol è, ma in un baleno,
 Cade del nulla in seno ;
 Così la vita è appunto,
 Una memoria, una speranza, un punto.

TRANSLATION.

The past is not, but Memory brings,
 In many and life-like visitings,
 Its joys and woes.
 The future is not, but the gleam
 Of Hope's gay torch, far up the stream,
 Its brightness throws.
 The present is, but Time's dark river
 Sweeps by, and 'tis the past for ever.
 Such is our life—one fleeting moment real,
 The past a dream, the future all ideal.

CHILDHOOD'S GRAVE.

A FRAGMENT.

— Clear voices came upon the evening breeze,
And, turning round the gray old churchyard wall,
I found them suddenly—young guileless girls,
Standing about the newly sodded bed,
In which, a young companion had been laid
But yesterday. Fresh flowers were in their hands,
And on each brow a sweet, calm seriousness,
Befitting equally the place, their years,
And youth's fresh feeling, ere the bark can grow
Where Death has lately torn a branch away.
They had been whispering: one seemed to guide
The little council. 'Twas a mourning dress
Gave that sad dignity—to bid the hands
Of her young playmates deck a sister's grave:
And thus her bidding—"Jane, that hawthorn bush
Here at the foot; and the laburnum, Anne,

Beside it"—"round the edge,
 The lily of the valley will look best ;
 And now we'll strew it all with primroses,
 The cowslip and blue harebell,"—I looked on
 Pleased with the picture, and yet sad the while—
 Dear girls, I thought, time will bring other graves,
 And you to visit them, but not as now—
 The thorn-bush in your hands, its flowers all gone,
 Will then have turned its points against your hearts,
 Sorrow and sin, and life's subduing cares
 Will not have left a single bud unwithered,
 And there will be no dew, but scalding tears
 Wrung from your hearts to freshen them—
 —'Twas a sweet picture,—fie upon the world
 Whose usage soon will spoil it.

“Behold, the judge standeth before the door.”—*James*, v. 9.

There are paths strewn with roses as fragrant as fair,
There are circlets of jewels as costly as rare,
There's much to entice thee by ear and by eye,
But I bid thee beware—for the judgment is nigh.

'Tis poured out and brimming, the ruby red cup,
With the bubbles of pleasure 'tis sparklingly up,
But bitter at bottom, its poisoned dregs lie,
And I bid thee beware for the judgment is nigh.

Love cradled in flowers will beckon thee near,
And allure thee alike with her smile and her tear,
But her smile's false and hollow, her tears quickly dry,
And I bid thee beware, for the judgment is nigh.

Ambition—that meteor gleam of the fen—
 Will tell thee that her's is the business for men,
 But her faith is as false, as her promise is high,
 And I bid thee beware, for the judgment is nigh.

Wealth points to the coffers where piled and untold,
 Lies the world's worshipped idol, the dearly won gold;
 But the thief may break through, or our gold rust or
 fly,
 And I bid thee beware, for the judgment is nigh.

Red roses—rare jewels—the ruby bright wine—
 The wreaths which ambition or love can entwine—
 All that passion may promise, or gold ever gave,
 All shew trifling or poor, at the door of *the grave*.

TO WORDSWORTH.

“ Move along these shades
In gentleness of heart—with gentle hand
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.”

Wordsworth's Poems, Vol. ii. p. 59.

‘ A spirit’—yes—if ever, yet,
Such being walked this earth of ours—
Then surely one her home hath set,
Abidingly in Rydal’s bowers.

No sprite malign, whose visitings
Or fire the brain, or scare the mind—
But one whose gentle influence brings
Thoughts, all of calming holy kind.

To common eye she walks unseen,
To common soul she dwells unknown—
But thou hast found her bower of green
And walked with her the wild wood lone.

And never from the world of faery
 Come spirit of such changing mood,
 Or gifted with such powers to vary
 Her visits to thy solitude.

Whilome "as gray-haired man of glee"
 She met thee by the lonely fount,
 Again, a white doe wandering free,
 She licks thy hand at Rydal Mount.

Ready alike at every name,
 Obedient to thy wizard call;
 "Lucy," or "Michael," 'tis the same—
 She loves and answers to them all.

WORDSWORTH, no longer let her roam
 By wood or mere from thee apart.
 Go—bring this wandering spirit home,
 Her dwelling should be near thy heart.

FRENCH TIME-PIECES.

"Nothing can be imagined more elegant and striking than their numerous collections of ornamental clock-cases.

"One, for instance, that I saw, was a female figure in the garb and with the air of pleasure, hiding the hours with a fold of her scanty drapery. One hour alone peeped out, and that indicated the time of the day."

Scott's Visit to Paris.

In eastern climes a victim dies
 By poison breathed in perfume,
 And tyrants speak with smiling eyes
 Some playful word which seals a doom.
 Not slight the stain of blood thus spilt
 Nor less the weight of perfumed guilt.

Thus thoughtless mortals murder time—
 Their weapons garlanded with flowers,
 If struck by sweet and silver chime
 Lightly, they reckon of passing hours.
 A wasted day may shew no spot—
 Yet God not braved—has been forgot.

But when "the angel lifts his hand"

To swear "that time shall be no more." *

And thoughtless sinners sadly stand

Their oft-forgotten God before.

Then pleasure's faded robe will be

Slight covering for eternity.

"The wicked shall be turned into hell—
And all the people that forget God."

* Revelations, x. 5, 6.

STRAYING THOUGHTS.

I love to let thought freely range
 Beyond the bounds of earth and time,
 From this cold world of death and change
 To Heaven's realities sublime.
 One sacred limit let me own,
 Those depths of God's mysterious plan
 In God's sure word but dimly shewn,
 Let straying thought with reverence scan.

I love to think of lovely trees
 By clear life-giving waters set,
 Whose leaves which wave in Heaven's breeze,
 Shall heal earth's guilty nations yet;
 And then the fruit—as Eden's fair,
 Which hangs untouched by storm or frost.
 I love to think that man shall share
 Such food as once by sin he lost.

I love to watch the sun's last ray,
 And when I mourn his faded light,
 Glad thought springs forth to hail the day
 To which shall come no more a night.
 And, oh ! thou orb, whose beams are given
 To cheer our world, shorn, cold, and dark
 Thou'lt seem, when in that day of heaven,
 A LIVING SUN shall dim thy spark.

I love to think that there's a rest
 On which that living sun shall rise,
 When sorrow leaves the mourner's breast
 And God shall wipe the mourner's eyes.
 But most I love that day of peace,
 That violence and sin shall die,
 And death, insatiate death, shall cease
 And bound in quenchless fire shall lie

I love to think of robes of white

And branching palms prepared for those
Who, mighty in their Saviour's might,

Stand patiently in earth's worst woes ;
I love to think how Scriptures tell,
When heaven and earth have passed away,
How God shall come with men to dwell—
Shall be their God—his people they.

I love to think of open gates

Where now a band of Cherubim,
Who joy, when man finds mercy, waits
To lead the pardoned sinner in.

And, oh ! 'tis sweet to think how love
Hath man's lost heritage restor'd,
And how, in courts of light above,
That pardoned sinner serves his Lord.

"There remaineth therefore a rest (σαββατισμος) for the people of God."—*Heb.* iv. 9.

What is a Sabbath? who shall tell,
 Ask godless man, he paints a hell,
 His riot, more than labour, tires
 And in a rude debauch expires—
 Or ask the Christian—he would raise
 His thoughts from earth, and heavenward gaze
 And fain would seek conceptions where
 Saints an eternal Sabbath share;
 But soon he finds some earthborn feeling,
 His thoughts from God and heaven stealing;
 And soon some mortal care or pain
 Draws down his soul to earth again,
 Too soon they dim the vision blest—
 Ah! who shall paint a Sabbath rest?

The hallowed day, 'tis strange and sad
 To think how some their sabbaths spend ;
 Their joys are sin—their mirth is mad—
 They trifle without aim or end ;
 The path their week-day steps had trod
 Their sabbath journey still pursues,
 And still they serve some idol god,
 And words of lightness still they use ;
 And oh ! within each hallowed fane
 What listless worshippers are kneeling,
 Whose lips pour forth oblations vain,
 While cold at heart to sacred feeling.
 Some joy in sabbath idleness,
 While others love its revels best ;
 Some deem its quiet heaviness,*
 Can theirs be called a sabbath rest ?

* "What is the matter?" I asked, on entering one Sunday evening into the family circle of a house at which I was intimate, and of which all the members seemed to be *suffering* under the depressing sense of some misfortune. "SUNDAY IS THE MATTER WITH US," was the reply of a *small wit* of the party.

The hallow'd day, 'mid all the gloom
 Which ruin'd angels spread around,
 And sinning man makes more profound

The light of truth finds burning room ;

To shine in brightness, there *are* hearts,
 To which the sabbath morning brings
 Repose and gladness on its wings,

Which love the chiming of its bells ;
 Of prayer and praise so sweetly telling,

Whose sabbath journeys seek the wells
 From whence the stream of life is swelling,
 Where thirst is quench'd, and peace is given,
 And believing man receives from heav'n

A spring of strength which ne'er departs ;
 Yes, there be some, whose sabbaths set
 The seal of test to God's sure word,

Who *know* that where "but two are met,"
 God cometh near, and prayer is heard.

And these have pleasures pure and calm,
 Which leave no painful sting behind,

Some draw from solitude its balm,*
 Some love to train the youthful mind ;
 And some seek poverty's retreat,
 To give that gospel-message blest,
 Which " beautifies the bringer's feet,
 Their's surely is a sabbath rest.

Yes, their's *is* rest ; these holy joys,
 Can make a sunshine in the soul,
 And in such hours from labour stole,
 Man may mortality forget.
 But when it falls, the sabbath eve,
 Such calm delights must sinners leave ;

* " Solitudo quam dilecta,
 Hinc in cælum via recta,
 Procul est insanitatis,
 Et theatrum vanitatis ;
 Plebs si sævit hic sedebo,
 Et quæ supra sunt videbo ;
 Mecum angeli cantabunt,
 Cæli dominum laudabunt,
 O si semper sic sederem
 Mundi turbas et viderem,
 Me dum tollant angelorum,
 Grex ad paradisi chorum,
 Et ut sanctus eremita,
 Dulci requi escam vita."

Old Monkish Hymne.

The morrow comes with toil and noise,
Again the pilgrim takes the road,

Again his way through thorns is set.
And daily cross, and care, and sin,
And foes without, and strife within,
Bring clouds where sun so lately glowed,
And teach that he is mortal yet ;

And we are left to question still,
What is a sabbath ?—such brief hours
So soon obscured by earthly ill,
Are sweet and perishing like flowers ;

And shall the sabbath's holy joys
Be always thus, as day-flowers fading ;
Whose bloom the very touch destroys,
Which die while in a chaplet braiding ?
Shall earthly sorrow, care, and sin,
For ever cloud the world within ?
Shall this world's passing littleness
For ever task our weariness ?

Must fancy *ever* dimly paint
 The sabbath promis'd to the saint ?
 And man, when he its peace would grasp,
 Wake still with shadows in his grasp ?
 No, God is truth, as God is love,
 And he has sabbath rest above ;

* * * * *

The brightest vision hope now brings,
 Our holiest best imaginings,
 Those thoughts which come upon the soul,
 And scarcely seem of mortal birth,
 When in an hour of uncontroul,
 The entranced spirit spurns this earth.
 All are but shadows, dim, and faint,
 For thought, nor tongue, hath e'er express'd,
 The eternal sabbath of the saint,
 Prepar'd in God's abodes of rest ;
 His word discloseth some faint gleams,
 Such as humanity could bear,
 As tho' of that bright day the beams,

Came through our clouded atmosphere,
And played in 'minished splendor there.

One calm unclouded endless day,
Which needs no sun to make it bright ;
When glories round the saints shall play,
Reflex from God their living light ;
When through the myriads of the blest,
No soul in listlessness shall stand ;
Their business praise—and praise their rest
Through all EMMANUEL's golden land ;
Morning will never open there
Upon the pallid brow of care ;
Sin shall no longer find a place
To strive against the law of grace ;
The joys—the woes of time and sense
Alike are banished ever thence ;
Alike are banished hope or fear—
There never falls a mourner's tear,

No bosom struggles with a sigh,
And sorrow's inner spring is dry ;
There the "abiding city" stands—
The houses there "not made with hands"—
The voice of sorrow never calls
For help within these golden walls—
No "violence" comes there, nor war,
"Wasting" is from its borders far ;
Nor aught impure the streets hath trod
Where God is seen a PRESENT GOD ;
There saints behold that sight of bliss,
The Saviour as he ever is,
And freed from earthly change or pains,
All conquest past, each foe in chains,
Enjoy the SABBATH which remains.

“Christianity is not a theory, or a speculation, but a LIFE. Not a philosophy of a life, but a life and living process——TRY IT.

S. T. Coleridge.

“BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD”—this solemn word,
 When to two waiting ones the Baptist spoke,
 Pointing to JESUS and his easy yoke,
 With glad obedience instantly they heard,
 And followed HIM—then, in affection strong,
 One went a friend—a brother one—to tell
 That He was found “the sought and promised long,”
 In one from Nazareth—but “can there dwell
 Aught good in Nazareth?”—at this reply
 In Philip’s bosom all the consciousness
 Of the felt blessing rose—and “Come and try,”
 He answered calm, “Messiah’s power to bless;”
 As Philip to Nathanael, so would we
 Bid guileless ones indeed to “come and see.”

I embrace the occasion offered of extracting the passage by which the foregoing sonnet was suggested, in order to introduce into this little volume at least *one* page of sterling value; and, in doing so, to bear an humble testimony to the merits of

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

For me to imagine that I could throw any fresh or fuller light upon Coleridge's genius or reputation, would be a notion as absurd in the world of intellect, as for a planet to pretend to illuminate its primary star in the world natural; my desire is to *acknowledge*, and not to *offer* gifts.

Not to pretermit my obligations to Bishop Butler, who reigns as a monarch in the higher regions of metaphysical enquiry, and of whose intellectual greatness none can be aware who read his *Analogy* only, to the neglect of his "*SERMONS ON HUMAN NATURE*"—I gladly testify, that whatever discipline I have had in habits of severe thinking—any power I possess to "detect a sophism in the double meaning of a word,"

I owe to Coleridge.

As a minister of the church in Ireland, who wishes to distinguish between its *uses* and *abuses*, I am debtor to him for a sentence which not less profound than simple, exhibits, as it were to a glance, *the error* which, having pervaded the administration of church and state matters for centuries, has at length issued in the present "fiery" chastisement of the church in this country—

"The angry code (of penal laws) was neglected as an *opportunity*, and mistaken as a *substitute*, 'et hinc illæ lachrymæ.'"

In fine, I would say, to borrow his own language, that those who are "desirous of building up a manly character in the light of a distinct consciousness," may, after an *intelligent* perusal of Coleridge's writings, aspire to an high degree in that *best* metaphysical school which inscribes over its portal this motto.

"THE CHRISTIAN FAITH IS THE PERFECTION OF HUMAN INTELLIGENCE."

The following is the fine passage referred to :—

“ I will now suppose the reader to have thoughtfully re-perused the paragraph containing the tenets peculiar to Christianity; and, if he have his religious principles yet to form, I should expect to hear a troubled murmur—How can I comprehend this? How can this be proved? To the first question I should answer, Christianity is not a theory, or a speculation; but a *life*. Not a philosophy of life, but a life and a living process. To the second, *TRY IT*—it has been eighteen hundred years in existence, and has one individual left a record like the following?

“ ‘ I tried it, and it did not answer. I made the experiment faithfully according to the directions, and the result has been a conviction of my own credulity.

“ Have you, in your own experience, met with any one in whose words you could place full confidence, and who has seriously affirmed—

“ ‘ I have given Christianity a fair trial. I was aware that its promises were made only conditionally; but my heart bears me witness that I have, to the utmost of my power, complied with these conditions. Both outwardly, and in the discipline of my inward acts and affections, I have performed the duties which it enjoins, and I have used the means which it prescribes; yet my assurance of its truth has received no increase—its promises have not been fulfilled, and I repent me of my delusion.’

“ If neither your own experience nor the history of almost two thousand years has presented a single testimony to this purport, and if you have read and heard of many who have lived and died bearing witness to the contrary, and if you have yourself met with some one, in whom on any other point you would place unqualified trust, who, on his own experience, made report to you that ‘ he is faithful who promised, and what he promised he has proved himself able to perform’—is it bigotry if I fear that the unbelief which prevents and prejudices the experiment has its source elsewhere than in the uncorrupted judgment—that not the strong free mind, but the enslaved will is the true original infidel in this instance? It would not be the first time that a *treacherous bosom-sin* had suborned the understandings of men to bear false witness against its avowed enemy—the right though unreceived owner of the house, who had long *warned it out*, and waited only for its ejection to enter in and take possession of the same.”

Aids to Reflection, pp. 195-6.

SCRIPTURAL SUBJECTS.

"Speak Lord for thy servant heareth,"—1 Sam. iii. 9.

How beautiful is piety,
When childhood's artless form it wears,
Ere sorrow yet hath dimmed the eye,
Or time hath taught to sow in tears.
Such form unmixed with earthly leaven,
Perchance the spirits wear in Heaven.

How beautiful is piety,
When manhood takes it as a shield,
And scatheless, puts those fire-darts by,
By Satan thrown in battle field.
He who would wear heaven's robes of white
Must claim them as a victor's right.

How beautiful is piety,

When upon age's silvered head,

Like glory's foretaste from on high,

Its holy influence is shed.

A few more suns to set and rise,

The goal is gained, and heaven the prize.

How beautiful when piety,

Of earthly forms, puts on the last,

And in its parting strife we see

How death's dark hour is overpast.

Then piety receives above,

Its new eternal form of LOVE.

“ Why is dust and ashes proud ? ” — *Eccles.* x. 9.

When passion's pulse beats full and high,
 When pleasure's revel-shout is loud,
 In vain we seek a calm reply
 To “ WHY IS DUST AND ASHES PROUD ? ”

Ambition's son who lives to hear
 The praises of the wondering crowd,
 Small hope I ween to gain his ear
 To “ WHY IS DUST AND ASHES PROUD ? ”

Yon child of earth, whose inmost soul
 At Mammon's golden shrine is vowed,
 Seems in his ear a knell to toll,
 If asked “ IS DUST AND ASHES PROUD ? ”

But go when age hath passion tamed,
When grief the reveller hath bowed,
They'll hear thee *then*, rebuked, ashamed,
Ask "WHY IS DUST AND ASHES PROUD?"

The Lord of legions, when at last
Death dims his eye with mist and cloud,
Go to him then—his dream is past,
And ask "IS DUST AND ASHES PROUD?"

But chiefest go where banners wave
O'er birth's or beauty's early shroud,
And standing by the dark cold grave,
Ask "WHY IS DUST AND ASHES PROUD?"

"The stone which the builders refused is become the headstone of the corner ; this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."—*Psalms* cxviii. 22.

When first across my sinful path
 Came dread of God's avenging wrath,
 I sought a refuge house to raise,
 Where I might bide the evil day
 'Till God should turn the sword away,
 And change my tremblings into praise.

Then builders came to help my need,
 And vauntingly they told indeed,
 How they could build—how firm—how well,
 And Ignorance took thought with Pride,
 And laid their plan—and full supplied
 With "slime and brick" to work they fell.*

* Genesis, xi. 3.

But first, with method to begin,
This refuge-house from wrath and sin,
 They called on Self to lay a stone,
And Self thus called came grandly forth
And laid a stone of Human Worth,
 Hewn from a quarry of its own.

And soon the work gave promise fair
To recompense the builder's care,
 While Self looked on, admired, and praised,
They piled up sighs for sin and tears,
And firm resolves for future years—
 At length a goodly pile was raised.

But, well-a-day—when all was done,
One eve 'mid clouds went down the sun,
 Temptation's wind and rain came on,
The “firm resolves” but short time stood,
And “worth” was swept before the flood—
 Ere day the goodly pile was gone.

With morn I woke in black despair,
 I looked—no refuge house was there ;
 Worse “wrath to come” my soul dismayed,
 Another house the builders planned,
 But well I saw they built on sand—
 I spurned them from me, wept and prayed.

Then fearing, mourning, left alone,
 I called to mind a corner Stone,
 ’Till then neglected, thrown aside,
 Tho’ long prepared for use it lay,
 Meet for the work ’twas cast away
 By Self and Ignorance and Pride.

Then humbled by presumption past,
 By plans of Pride which could not last,
 I asked for builders from above,
 And He who never turns away
 From mourning souls who wait and pray,
 Soon sent me Faith and Hope and Love.

Then Faith laid down foundation sure,
And Hope raised refuge-house secure,
 And Love shed beauty o'er the whole ;
And now a hiding place I know,
All fair above—all firm below,
 To save from wrath my sinful soul.

SONNET.

“ And Moses said—Shew me, I beseech thee, thy glory.”—*Exod.* xxxiii. 18.

“ God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined into our hearts, to give us the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.”—*2 Cor.* iv. 6.

“ Shew me thy glory”—rash yet loving zeal,
 Was his who asked the Holy One to give
 A sight man might not look upon and live,
 But communing with God his servants feel
 Lifted above themselves—and he doth deal
 A father’s pity to them—in a place
 Cleft in the “ rock of ages” man may bide
 When God in awful glory passeth by,
 And from the scathing lightnings of his eye,
 A gracious hand is ever stretched to hide
 Spirits which into nothingness would fail,
 Daring to look on God without a veil ;
 CHRIST is that rock—that hand—and wondrous grace,
 We may view glory in the Saviour’s face.

"It shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light."—*Zec. xiv. 7.*

Souls of the blest, with ardent gaze,
 Ye share the angels' strong desire
 To see the things of coming days,
 The judgment throne, the avenging fire,
 Around the Eternal's seat ye throng
 And ceaseless question, "Lord how long?"

They tarry still, His chariot wheels
 The righteous judge of all the world,
 The Atoner yet for man appeals
 The Avenger's banner yet lies furled;
 But ye, past change, in bliss secure,
 Can wait the appointed time and sure.

Not so with us—'tis ours to tread

Through this dark lower world our way,
Where thorns and snares alike are spread,

And ours at best is twilight day ;
'Twere night, but gleams from heaven break in
Through the thick atmosphere of sin.

Oft when our souls are free to range
In pastures green, by waters still,
Too slight a lure our course can change,
And widely strays our wayward will,
'Tis sad that not e'en love doth bind
Man's truant heart, or wandering mind.

Sometimes before our dazzled eyes
A vision floats of glorious things,
Our Day-star seems about to rise
With peace and healing on his wings ;
It fades—we wake—and sad confess,
Our home is yet the wilderness.

Yet are we blest, tho' prone to stray—
 Tho' rude our path, our light tho' dim,
 A Father fences in our way,
 And dark and light are one to Him ;
 'Tis ours beneath his will to bow,
 Nor ask Him "what he doeth now."

This vext world's pulse beats fever high,
 But every throb, he counts and knows,
 And webs which baffle human eye
 Their tangled threads to him disclose ;
 Untraceable His present way—
 Let Faith await the "latter day."

And as through autumn's day of cloud
 The sun unseen his course hath rolled,
 But bursts at eve the misty shroud,
 And bathes the west in molten gold ;
 So shall our latter day be bright—
 Our "evening time" be endless light.

"He is risen. He is not here."—*Mark xvi.*

When Mary sought the Saviour's tomb
 Her soul was dark with grief and fear,
 But tidings glad dispelled the gloom—
 "The Lord is risen—HE'S NOT HERE."

Like tidings still sustain the heart
 While weeping by some loved-one's bier,
 Tho' death has claimed the mortal part,
 The undying spirit "*is not here.*"

Oh, vain and empty sounds the voice
 With which the world would sorrow cheer,
 Faith speaks *in power*, and bids rejoice,
 What JESUS purchased "*is not here.*"

The dark damp grave, the deep-toned bell,
The mourner train, their frequent tear,
All these are sad—but all is well,
The ransomed spirit "*is not here.*"

No ; where the pardoned live with God,
Passed beyond tears, or sin, or care,
By the same road the Saviour trod,
Let all who loved rejoin her **THERE.**

“ There were shepherds abiding in the field keeping watch over their flocks by night, and lo ! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them.—*Luke vii. 8, 9.*

The temple yet in glory stood,
 Each priest still served his course of prayer,
 Still on its altar streamed the blood,
 Yet “ the glad tidings ” came not there.

And still to Judah’s favoured tribe
 The law was taught from Moses’ chair,
 But not to priest, nor yet to scribe
 Came “ tidings ” of salvation there.

In Salem many a longing eye
 Waited salvation’s vision fair,
 Yet when commissioned from on high,
 The angel visit came not there.

"In fulness of the time"—'tis night,
 The moon which silvers Salem's wall
 As freely gives its quiet light,
 On yon secluded vale to fall.

That vale hath nought of art or pride,
 Sole tenants there the simple sheep,
 While through the night their flocks beside
 The humble shepherds vigil keep.

And 'tis in such a scene as this
 The herald angels sent to earth
 Light earliest from their homes of bliss
 With tidings of the Saviour's birth.

Jesus hath lived, hath died, is set,
 Most High within his Father's love,
 And thus his messengers come yet
 On mercy's errand from above.

Alike the mighty, wise and proud,
In mercy's visit are passed by,
Unheard the formal prayer or loud,
While God regards an humble sigh.

And while presumption's loudest call
Wastes all its force in middle air,
Let godly sorrow's tear but fall,
A gladdened angel watches there.

“Peace, be still.”—*Mark iv. 39.*

The bark was frail—the shore was far,
 The tempest roused the angry deep,
 And mid the elemental war
 The Saviour slept—or seemed to sleep.
 “Lord save,” they cry—the swelling sea,
 And wind which raged so loud and shrill,
 At once their Master’s voice obey—
 When JESUS whispered, “PEACE, BE STILL.”

Yes, “peace be still”—on mortal ear,
 Fell never yet such sounds of bliss ;
 Never on earth can sinner hear
 A sentence half so blest as this.
 Words may in after life have power,
 With calmer joy the heart to fill,
 But memory most will prize the hour
 When God first whispered, “PEACE, BE STILL.”

A longer walk with God may shed
 A steadier sunshine on the soul,
 And brighter glory crown the head
 As saints draw nearer to the goal,
 But most they love that first faint light
 Which pierced the clouds of guilt and ill,
 And deem life's closing joy less bright
 Than that which came with, "PEACE, BE STILL."

For, oh, the soul was passion-tost
 When God first spoke, and caused a calm;
 The heart was sick, and hope was lost,
 When Jesus' words dropped health-like balm;
 That calm seems most in mercy given
 Which first controlled the raging will,
 That health seems most the gift of heaven
 Which came when God said, "PEACE, BE STILL."

"'Tis ne'er forgot," a poet sings,
The faery form love first has traced ;
The word which Mercy's message brings,
From Memory's book is ne'er effaced,
The Christian thus will long retain,
Through life's exchange of good and ill—
Through after years of joy or pain,
The word which first said, "PEACE BE STILL."

THE THREE GRAVES.

In a sheltered nook they lie,
Winds may not blow roughly there,
One old ash tree standing nigh,
O'er them leans with guardian care ;
Solemnly its foliage waves,
Shading these three quiet graves.

Childhood's day but just begun,
Youth's bright sun gone down at noon,
Hoary age's course full run,
From out this corner warn how soon
We too may learn that nothing saves
Humanity from opening graves.

Buried here lie counsels sage,
 Passions warm, prospects bright,
 All that Hope on life's white page,
 Traces in her lines of light,
 Fall alike to him who craves
 Daily food to fill his graves.

Busy life's most startling din
 May not wake the sleepers here ;
 Vice in vain would lure to sin,
 Vain is Sorrow's bitter tear ;
 Anger stamps, or fury raves
 Vainly round these quiet graves.

Vainly, too, would friendship reach
 These deaf ears with Mercy's call ;
 Yet the vain attempt may teach
 One concerning truth to all.
 Seek *in time* the Hope which braves
 Death's worst terrors—darkest graves.

THE BONDWOMAN AND THE FREE.

“What, saith the Scripture? Cast out the son of the bond-woman—for the son of the bond-woman shall not be heir with the son of the free-woman.”—*Gal. iv. 30.*

It is not hope, it is not fear
Which guides the lowly Christian's feet,
Where falls the mourner's silent tear,
In prison glooms, or want's retreat;
His guiding star shines from above,
A holy “faith which works by love.”

“It is not hope,”—far other stay,
For him within the vail is set,
Self he desires to cast away,
Self and its doings to forget;
His hope stands fast in Christ alone,
And not in merits of his own.

“ It is not fear,”—the bond-maid’s child
With him of promise cannot dwell,
And thus the sinner reconcil’d,
Puts from him dread of wrath and hell ;
With holier feeling he draws near,
That perfect love which *casts out* fear.

Yes, it is LOVE, of birth divine,
Which lights him through a world of gloom,
Gives him in holiness to shine,
And still shines on beyond the tomb ;
All other graces fade away,
But LOVE grows bright in heaven’s day.

"We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands eternal in the heavens."—2 Cor. v. 1.

Wasted with pain, and sore disease,
 More faint, and failing day by day,
 With patient hope the Christian sees
 His earthly tenement decay.

Its props are gone, its lights are dim,
 It totters to its kindred dust,
 But faith looks through the vail to HIM,
 With whom do live the ransomed just.

The strong man bows, the ruin falls,
 The death damp rises on the borw,
 In vain the anxious watcher calls,
 There is "nor voice nor answer" *now*.

Yes, Death has claim'd the house of clay,
Grief asks—where is its tenant fled?
'Tis perish'd too, Unbelief would say,
And soul and flesh alike are dead.

But Faith looks up and sees above,
Where near the throne the spirit stands,
Prepar'd by God's unchanging love,
A "glorious house not made with hands."

And peace, and blessedness, and rest,
Which Jesus promised to prepare,
Such as earth ne'er gave a guest,
Await the pardoned spirit there.

Blest power of faith, which thus can rise,
Mid crumbling ruins here below,
With eagle vision pierce the skies,
And silence doubt, with, "yes, WE KNOW."

NAOMI.

"Is this Naomi? . . . (pleasant)

Call me not Naomi—call me Marah, (bitter)

Ruth, i. 19, 20.

How oft, when life and hope are young,
 We see some heart go gaily forth,
 With every nerve for pleasure strung,
 To prove the bright world's truth and worth.
 The thoughtless laugh such sight to see,
 And cry "there goes a Naomi."

How cold and needless then do seem,
 The warnings of the time-taught sage,
 Youth must dream out his morning dream,
 Despite the voice of cautious age,
 From flower to flower—a summer bee,
 Still gaily flutters, Naomi.

But time at length its lesson brings,
 The gay flowers fade—sweet pleasures pall,
 With shattered nerve and drooping wings,
 The wanderer turns, a mourner all.
 Sunk eye of fire, hushed laugh of glee,
 We ask, “can this be NAOMI?”

Yes, 'tis the same, but duped no more,
 The world's gay promise proved a lie,
 The widowed heart with weeping sore
 For idols fashioned but to die.
 Taught by the rod from error free,
 MARAH, her name, not NAOMI.

But bitter roots bear pleasant flowers,
 And toils conduct to rest at last,
 And white-robed souls in blissful bowers,
 Through tribulation thither passed ;
 And thus a blessed eternity
 May wait a chastened NAOMI.

Alike removed from godless mirth,
And sorrow which no balm can heal,
A kind *Redeemer's* love gives birth,
To that calm peace his people feel ;
Even as Ruth's child on Marah's knee,
Again re-names her NAOMI.

"They shall see his face, and his name shall be on their foreheads."—
Rev. xxii. 4.

What, if unveiled, and face to face
 We saw the God to whom we bow,
 Our souls would seek some hiding place—
 We could not bear his glory now.

If Satan's sin-deluded slaves
 Could see his fire-scathed visage plain,
 Not all the gems of Indra's caves
 Could lure them to his toils again.

Now through the world walk side by side
 The child of God—the slave of sin ;
 But oh, how much there is to hide
 The master's name who rules within.

Yes—there be deeds of doubtful hue
 Done by we know not whose controul ;
 We see the deed,—we cannot view
 The secret spring which moves the soul.

'Twill not be ever thus, that we
 Must look through glasses dim and dark ;
 The day-dawn of eternity
 Will bring an undeceiving mark.

The face of sin will then appear,
 Its masque and head-tire all removed,
 And sinners see that sight of fear,
 The master whom they served and loved :

While they whose life on earth hath been
 To honour God, a true endeavour,
 Shall then behold that face, which seen,
 Gives life and blessedness for ever.

INVITATION.

"The Spirit and the bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come; and let him that is athirst, Come."—*Rev. xxii. 17.*

Ye sick look hither, ye whose languid blood
 Is ebbing to the heart to stagnate there,
 Ye who have fevered lips, whose visual sense
 Through darkened windows looketh dimly out;
 Ye with the feeble knees and hanging hands,
 Look hither all—your remedy lies here,
 'Twill make the ebbing blood beat strong in hope,
 'Twill cool your thirst—you'll never thirst again;
 'Twill make your darkness bright—tho' closed your
 eye,
 'Twill shew you things which eye hath never seen;
 'Twill brace the feeble knees, and raise the hand
 To clasp an Amerécta* cup of life.

* "*Curse of Kehama.*"

Ye who are wearied with the woes of time,
 Whose souls with untold grief are bowing down—
 Ye whom the lying world hath cheated so,
 That even your credulity must wake,
 And see, and own, that all is vanity.
 Ye who keep vigil by the bed of pain,
 Where faces that you love are changing fast
 To that you soon shall loathe to look upon—
 Come hither all—HE bore your burthen once
 Who calls you now,—tho' mighty to relieve
 He wept for Lazarus ; nor can you bring
 A sorrow here, which JESUS hath not proved.

Ye who run riot in the plenitude
 Of blessings undeserved, and ill employed,
 Ye who take counsel with your souls, and say,
 " Soul take thine ease,"—a long and sunny life
 Is thine to live.—Hark ! is not that a bell
 Whose tone comes solemnly upon the wind,
 To tell us of a soul just summoned hence,

As life-like as your own. A day as bright
 As yours now seems, whose sun was quenched at noon;
 Oh can you live for time, and hear that bell?
 Come hither—come to him, whose work and word
 Can bring thee to a day which knows no night.

We speak of balm in Gilead, of the tree
 Whose leaves for healing of the nations grow;
 We call the languid to that living fount
 Whose waters drunk, become within the soul
 A spring of blessedness,—the hearts that mourn
 We point to Zion's comforter for peace,
 Each godless, thankless one, we fain would warn
 To seek his patient God, while yet 'tis time,
 Ere yet the Eternal's judgment-throne be set,
 And time is time no longer—Israel's Hope—
 The End of law—the raptured prophet's Theme—
 We call you to behold the LAMB OF GOD.

THE END.





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